

SKINS, SKULLS AND SKELETONS.

THE WHISKEY DIGGIN'S RECLUSE AND HIS MUZZLE-LOADER.

How He Amuses Himself Among the Jack-Rabbits Along Eagle Creek—Sport in Place.

"Where, oh, where, are the Hebrew children? Where, oh, where, are the Hebrew children? All gone from the Promised Land!"

And because why? Why, because they went after other gods, and did not keep the statutes and commandments of Moses; "which man Moses was very meek, above all the men upon the face of the earth." But what has this to do with the denizens of Eagle Creek? Pardon a short quotation from the Pentateuch:

"Whosoever eateth the hoof, and is cloven-footed, and cheweth the cud, among the beasts, that shall ye eat: nevertheless ye shall not eat the camel, because he cheweth the cud, but divideth not the hoof; neither shall ye eat the swine, because he divideth the hoof, yet he cheweth not the cud: he is unclean to you, as he is unclean to them."

The above is a portion of Moses' law of the beasts, to make a difference between the beast that may be eaten and the beast that may not be eaten, as he expressed himself. [But before proceeding to comment upon the sacred transcription, let me explain for the benefit of many unassuming common people, that the word "hare" translated into Whiskey Diggin's English means about the same as the well-known and euphonic polysyllabic "jack-rabbit," which is not only more agreeable to the plebeian ear, but also more susceptible of being recognized by the plebeian eye. At any rate, I shall allude to the beast hereafter by abbreviating the latter term into jack-rabbit, jack and rabbit, not because I lack the moral courage to call him by his proper name, but simply out of respect for brevity.] Of course, a little ham or breakfast bacon occasionally, or even a little roast pork or sausage now and then, is not absolutely injurious to the health, but generally speaking, the Mosaic rule is, without doubt, an excellent one to follow. I would even go so far as to affirm that it is better to follow it strictly than not at all; at least for Moses' sake, if not your own, do draw a line on jack-rabbits.

In the first place, the jack-rabbit is not edible on general principles, not including general appearances. In the second place, he is N. G. all around, even in the atmosphere. "Then why shoot him?" you inquire. For the same reason that you should shoot a fly-up-the-creek or a mud-puddle. If you have leisure for hunting, you have leisure, too, for reducing it to a science; and if you have no ready motive for smiting a rat-tailed squirrel, you should smite him first and think up a motive afterward. In brief, you should go in quest of skins, skulls and skeletons. We want a skull and a skeleton, of course—several good specimens for preserving and setting up in divers attitudes; half a dozen skins for experiments in tanning and tawing, perhaps, and any number of them, possibly, for other devious purposes. We are not of a very fine or heavy character, yet it will answer for some things, while your experience with it may save you some valuable trophy in the future.

Besides, we want several carcasses every once in a while to bait our traps with, and one or two to dissect for anatomical purposes, to say nothing of soft paws for brushes, brains for tawing skins with, etc. Still, if we have no other excuse for taking the field, we may, as a last resort, feed the poultry, the vultures, and the owls with them, in addition to the true uses of outdoor sport; however, we must have, usually, some useful or scientific incentive to action; what nobler one could he have than that of looking up through Nature unto Nature's God, by way of the zoological kingdom, the woods, the fields, the flowers, and the herbs, while the brisk breeze is fanning his cheek, bringing back the roses of health, and kindling anew the fires of love for mortal life? To the stomach-munch, house-ridden, smoke-cured, microbe-eaten, malarial shaken, inhabitants of our cities, and the earth, Nature is ever beckoning: "Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest." How many heed the signal in time? Who does not like to hunt—when there is any game in prospect? How the game will multiply, instead of hunting for the pot only, we enlarge our field of action by including all manner of birds and beasts within the list of our legitimate prey! What science is cheaper, what science more God-like?

The incentive operative among us is, of course, a more laudable, patronage of the double-barreled shotgun consists simply in preserving some valued relic of the hunting expedition—skins, skulls or skeletons. The skin of any bird or animal may be taken off whole for scientific preservation, or set up in a position of action, with a solution of arsenic, filled with cotton, dropped into a paper horn, in the case of most birds, and laid away in a trunk containing some anti-moth preparations—all in the short space of an hour, by any careful person after very little practice. Skins and skeletons give much less trouble, the heads and carcasses being placed in water, or lime water, wherever convenient, until decomposition enables the operator to finish the job, subsequent bleaching and wiring together of the parts being a necessary part of the process. Men who have both money and leisure can afford to employ a taxidermist, but should never forego the pleasure of hunting their own specimens.

Let me now illustrate: The morning is dull and gloomy, threatening rain, and I have a spare gun, pulled out of the closet, loaded the horses, thrown out of the manure, chased the stray cattle out of the pasture, planted some radishes, pumped some water, swilled the pigs, killed a chicken, and poisoned a tomato-plant. Breakfast, read, smoked, and talked, until indoor life is no longer bearable; there is no profitable work at hand, and it is a bad day for birds, so methods I'll take a passer after some festive jack rabbits. Accordingly I shoulder my rusty gun-piece, load, fill my pockets with ammunition, wear-shot, powder, caps, and wads—swing a decapitated grain bag attached to a band of the same material, over my other shoulder, glance suspiciously at two greenish looking caps on the gun, and strike out nonchalantly up the gulch, not expecting to secure up anything within half a mile, of course. I am, therefore, strolling leisurely along with a half-crown's derby on the back of my head, a "J. D." pipe clutched firmly between my several teeth, and an old Prince Albert coat oscillating from my back, silhouetting after the following fashion:

The storm still continues to rage except when it lets up to gather strength for a fresh effort; the Payne break is open as usual; Waterman is out in a pamphlet, and if not out in a pamphlet, he is out in a pamphlet. Well, what's the matter with "zip, zip, zip" up jumps a jack, assuredly directly from under my elevated nose. I am taken completely by surprise, as is regular in such cases, about half an hour before the jack, with shouldered gun, both hands down, and green caps on. The rabbit has made three jumps and halted within twenty feet, staring at me with a stupid, foolish, wide-open smile on his countenance. I jerk my foot-peg from my shoulder, so suddenly that my derby is sent flying. "D. falls to the ground, and—click, click, up goes the right hammer. I draw a deadly bead on him; you are my venison now; good bye jack; and down goes the right hammer. Click, click, up goes the left hammer; now look out, you beast, and

down goes the left hammer, ketchunk! Click, click, ketchunk! click, ketchunk! Blank the G. D. caps!

Meanwhile the rabbit has been "taking in the whole show," so to speak. I have a sneaking notion that, if I pause to put up a fresh cap, the beast will escape. I pick up the T. D. and throw it at him. He seems to enjoy this, for he picks up his heels, canters around some, and stops and throw it at him. This actually annoys the quadruped, and I haven't the slightest doubt that he would laugh out loud, if it were possible. Shoo! you mule, won't you never tumble? He dances around like a professional, not in the least alarmed. It is my turn to stare now; but finally I collect my scattered senses, and deliberately fish up a box of caps from the mysterious depths of my trousers pocket. The blanked cover seems to have grown fast to the box, but I succeed at last in getting a new cap on, look up, and behold the rabbit has fled, leaving behind him a long, narrow vapor trail, having evidently gone so fast that the water of the little puddles through which he passed has been converted into steam.

I now steal cautiously along with a quail shot "ready" on, the gun-stock close up to my right shoulder, left hand well forward on the barrels, for fully a quarter of a mile; but the rabbits all seem to have taken a similar position, for they always anticipate me by one hundred and fifty yards; and so I tire of the "ready" position, throw the gun over my left shoulder, take a chew of "peach brand," and again fall into a meditative mood: "Yes, Gregory he's all right, and so is 'jee-whiz' look at that big hoosier, will you? bounced right out from under my feet, too! I'll give the old boy a snout, for luck—look! well, of all the snealing I ever heard—let go, now, on that amulet rehearsal of Mongolian opera! Take that, and that, and that, and that," as coming up, I thump him over the head with the butt of my gun.

Now I introduce my faithful companion, a worthy "frog-sticker," in earlier parlance yeelpet a pen or pocket knife. Observe me run a slit with the keen edge and tapering blade down the inside of one hind leg from near the paw, across the body and up the inside of the other and leg, cut around or tear off the skin near the paw, pull the skin down to the root of the tail, strip off the tail and gracefully hand the animal out of his jacket and trousers clear to the tip of his ears. Next only at his forelegs and hars. Next only at his forelegs and hars. Next only at his forelegs and hars.

He did not realize, I think, that I was not of a very fine or heavy character, yet it will answer for some things, while your experience with it may save you some valuable trophy in the future. Besides, we want several carcasses every once in a while to bait our traps with, and one or two to dissect for anatomical purposes, to say nothing of soft paws for brushes, brains for tawing skins with, etc. Still, if we have no other excuse for taking the field, we may, as a last resort, feed the poultry, the vultures, and the owls with them, in addition to the true uses of outdoor sport; however, we must have, usually, some useful or scientific incentive to action; what nobler one could he have than that of looking up through Nature unto Nature's God, by way of the zoological kingdom, the woods, the fields, the flowers, and the herbs, while the brisk breeze is fanning his cheek, bringing back the roses of health, and kindling anew the fires of love for mortal life? To the stomach-munch, house-ridden, smoke-cured, microbe-eaten, malarial shaken, inhabitants of our cities, and the earth, Nature is ever beckoning: "Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest." How many heed the signal in time? Who does not like to hunt—when there is any game in prospect? How the game will multiply, instead of hunting for the pot only, we enlarge our field of action by including all manner of birds and beasts within the list of our legitimate prey! What science is cheaper, what science more God-like?

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SPERM WHALE FISHING.

PASSAGES IN THE EXPERIENCE OF AN OLD SEA DOG.

Mr. Simmons' Voyage in the Abijah Adams, and How His Girl Jilted Him.

"Thar she blows!"

"Sperm, too, at that!"

"Thar she breaches!"

Such was the cry all of us aboard the old bark Abijah Adams, of New Bedford, heard one morning in 1854 from the lookout in the crow's nest.

Precious crows nest it was, too, for we had been cruising the Pacific ocean many weary weeks, and never a whale had we sighted. I was from Nantucket, and my girl had sworn on bended knee to become Mrs. Simmons when I got back from this whaling cruise, and—bless her sweet dimples!—I was just as anxious as she was, and probably more so, for the voyage to come to an end.

A TYPICAL OLD WHALER.

The Abijah Adams was as stanch a vessel as ever hoisted sail. She was thirty-five years old, and devil a worm had ever worked his way into her solid live oak planks and timbers. She smelt sweet of whale oil, every foot of timber in her being saturated with that odoriferous and money-making product. I tell you, too, boys, she was well put together. Every bolt and trean in her composition had been driven home conscientiously, and when you went below and turned into your bunk you had no fear of her bottom falling out and dropping you into the sea, such as you have aboard some of the new-fangled craft you meet with these days. For you know petroleum hadn't been discovered in any quantities in the days I am telling you of, and the whaling men were looked up to and respected.

Our Captains were lights of the church when they were young, and the old New England merchants were proud to count them and give them their daughters in marriage.

SOME RURAL JACK TARS.

Our crew were picturesque, if nothing else. Gaunt New Englanders, fresh from the plow, with hayseed in their hair, and nothing seamanlike in their general appearance, thronged the bark's deck as we sailed down Buzzard's bay, on our long and tedious voyage. Of course all our men were not clowns from the backwoods or greenhorns, but we had a pretty good sprinkling of the rural element in our forecastle. Little did they know of the hardships in store for them. They were like young bears—all their troutry was to come. All the whalers in the olden times used to carry a goodly number of young farm hands away with them on their ventures. They were paid little or nothing, and after they had got over their seasickness and had got their sea legs on, they were like young bears—all their troutry was to come. All the whalers in the olden times used to carry a goodly number of young farm hands away with them on their ventures. 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DAILY RECORD-UNION

SATURDAY, JANUARY 25, 1890.

ISSUED BY THE
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AN ADVANCEMENT IN CIVILIZED IDEAS.

The speech of Robert G. Ingersoll before the ninth annual Convention of the State Bar Association of New York, on the subject of "Crimes and Criminals," indicates the fast approach of some advancement in civilized ideas concerning the treatment of criminals. Ingersoll is one of the most incisive thinkers, and clear and lucid speakers in the United States. It is doubtful whether he has ever had a superior, as it is doubtful whether he now has a peer.

Prior to the reformations inaugurated by Howard, the great philanthropist, the prisons of England were dens of infamy and filth. Society treated its criminals with the utmost cruelty, a cruelty which reproduced itself in crime; and just in proportion as society has become merciful toward its criminal classes, in like proportion has the percentage of crime decreased.

The exposition made by Kennan of Russian cruelty to Siberian exiles discloses to us at once the necessity which has driven the Russian Government to exile its subjects. In other words, the cruelty of the Government made it hated, and engendered a class whose hatred of the Government took the form of violence. There can be no doubt but that a merciful treatment of those whom the Government of Russia finds it necessary to exile in the interest of social order would reduce the necessity of exiling its citizens, because it would reduce the hatred of the Government, and necessarily reduce the concomitant violence.

The thoughts and expressions of Colonel Ingersoll are by no means new. They have been announced by every penologist worthy of the title. Humane men, men of philanthropic impulse, have long since perceived the relation between the cruelty on the part of the Government and the increase of crime. There will be those who say that Colonel Ingersoll is wasting sentiment on the criminal classes. In fact this has already been said by the blackhead class, who actually are stupid enough to believe that here in California we have a penological system worthy the name. Colonel Ingersoll announces a fundamental principle of justice in declaring that the commission of crime does not forfeit the labor of the criminal to the State. A man may be restrained of his liberty in the interests of society, but he ought to be allowed to produce, and he ought to enjoy the benefit of what he produces. His productive energy should be directed and controlled by the State for the benefit of himself and family.

"A" steals "B's" horse, whereupon society proceeds to confiscate "A's" labor for ten years. "B" may never have recovered the horse, but he has no recourse from the State for its loss. Ten years of "A's" productive capacity in the way of cutting stone, beautifying prison grounds, making jute bags for the benefit of the farmers, or some other industrial employment, under the direction of the State, is confiscated to society, but society never finds it necessary to compensate "B" for the loss of his horse. If "A," the horse thief, had children, they are deprived of his support. His wife is worse than widowed, his children worse than orphaned, and the State of California actually confiscates his labor for ten years. There is nothing in the plan calculated to reform "A" of his thieving propensities. There is not a thing in the idea calculated to reform the thieving propensities of other men. In short, there is neither coherency, nor reason, nor common sense in the whole proceeding. "A" having proven himself to be a thief, society undertakes his punishment by confiscating his labor, but the punishment is more severe on his wife and children, or others who may be dependent upon him, than "A" himself. His condition is quite comfortable as compared with theirs. Protected largely by public opinion against the brutal ferocity of jailers and prison-keepers, he passes a measurably comfortable life; comfortable in everything except in the restraint of his liberty, but the family deprived of his support live in wretchedness and poverty, and society is so unkind of its own interests that it takes all the risk of raising a brood of "A's" children, to become criminals in their turn. The sentence of "A" is the condemnation of his children to the stigma of being the offspring of a felon, and at the same time a consignment of them to a struggle with poverty handicapped by disgrace. The productive capacity of their father certainly belongs to them, and society would

consult its own interest vastly if they could have the benefit of it.

The doctrines so lately enunciated by Colonel Ingersoll are essentially Christian in their every aspect, and the issue presented by them is between brutal revenge and compassionate punishment.

THE BONDED DEBT.

The two decisions of the Supreme Court recently rendered, effectually settle the doubts entertained as to the liability of this city to pay interest upon interest on her bonded debt. That is to say, the Court holds that the contract between the city and her creditors provides only for the payment of interest upon the bonds as expressed in attached coupons. Now, says the Court, when these coupons are overdue they do not bear interest, because no provision was made in the contract for the payment of any interest except that called for by the coupons, and there is no fund created for the payment of other sums than those expressed upon the face of the bonds and the coupons. The Court properly proceeds upon the doctrine that the city and the creditor in making a contract of debt, expressed all that it was intended by either should be paid.

The dicta of these two opinions clearly indicate that if the question was before the Court it would decide also that no interest is payable upon overdue bonds. It is a great pity, indeed, that this matter of interpretation of the contract could not have been earlier brought about, instead of wrestling with the many cases we have had with the bondholders on questions of remedies and forms of actions. But it is at last decided that the city is not to be held liable for compound interest. This saves immediately over four hundred thousand dollars to Sacramento as effectively as if that sum had been put into her treasury. But it does more than that. It saves the city from a possible liability—that was by many greatly feared—of paying fully a million dollars more, while by reducing the value of early due and due bonds, the decisions save a half million dollars more to the city, so that in round numbers the municipality is gainer in the sum of fully two millions of dollars. The payment of our indebtedness is now a matter of a comparatively brief time, and that incubation period from this time forward so rapidly disappear that if the operations of the Funded Commission are continued, in three years more the indebtedness of the city will, we believe, cut no figure of importance in its prosperity and credit.

A NEW IDEA ABOUT ROADS.

Governor Hill has made one proposition to the Legislature of New York, having so much merit in it that we hasten to acknowledge it, since it is seldom that the press is called upon to commend any suggestion of the Governor. He proposes a system of improvement of public roads in all the counties of the Empire State, under State auspices. His plan is for two roads through each county, maintained in constant repair, and so constructed as to have a system of State highways permeating all parts of the commonwealth. He does not propose to relieve localities from the charge of the country roads in general, but only that the State maintain the principal highways, as was done by many commonwealths before the days of railroads. The appropriations for the canals and the State aid given to various railroads are cited as precedents in favor of the scheme. Without indorsing the idea out of hand, it must be said to have many strong supporting reasons behind it. Whether such a scheme could be carried out in this State, with its immense expanse of territory and its sparse population, is a question. But if it could be, the benefits would be incalculable. If State aid could be given to counties to stimulate them to road improvement, there would be a direct and compensating return in increased values for appraisement. Farm products could be so much easier brought to the railroads, communication would be so much better between sections, strangers would so readily recognize the system as strong invitation to settle, that the scheme would prove a great blessing and of immense material benefit to the State. Suppose, for instance, that in this county one State-aided highway ran south from bound to bound, and connected with similar roads in Placer, Yolo, Amador and San Joaquin, and so on, the counties would be stimulated to build fine connecting or side roads to this main highway, and inside of ten years we would have thoroughout the State a system of well-kept public roads possible in comfort at all seasons, that would greatly enhance the desirability of residence and of possessions in California. Our generally poor roads are sources of first and constant complaint on the part of visitors and intending settlers. Convict labor might be utilized in making and keeping these new roads in repair, and the labor of prisoners under conviction in county jail might be employed on the spur roads and feeders to the main lines, the suggestion is certainly one that is worthy of public consideration. All reasons for it and all against it should be advanced. As it stands, it would seem that California could scarcely do a better work, nor more wisely invest a few hundred thousand dollars each year for the next ten years, than in encouraging the construction of good wagon roads throughout the State.

OF GRUMBLERS.

Human nature would be as we would have it, and not as it is, if in the snow blockades some people had not been found to growl at the situation and charge the carrier companies with inattention to and negligence of their comfort. These people appear to have been small in number, however, the great mass of the delayed passengers uniting in saying that they were shown all possible consideration and fed as well as it was possible to do under the circumstances. But the man who wanted turkey, trussed, roasted and served daily in a snow-blockaded train upon the supreme heights of the mountains; the man who wanted a valet furnished to stand at his back and do his bidding; the people who are never satisfied unless they are clad in ermine and swathed in down while the delicacies in and out of season are laid in their laps, were all represented upon the snow-bound trains. In strong contrast to these fastidious people and these unreasonable grumblers, however, were some hundreds of sensible travelers

who paused to reflect upon the difficulties involved in furnishing, under such conditions, even substantial beef and bread and the accompanying potato. These looked upon the matter sensibly, and thanked their stars that fortune had thrown them into the keeping of humane men, who sat them at well-supplied tables, where meats, bread, vegetables, fruits and pastry were spread three times a day. But the growler, who thinks that grumbling eases pain and heals wounds, and that the world was created for his especial benefit, has his uses. He enables the contrast to be strongly drawn between unreason and hard sense; he illuminates the better side of human nature by contrast. As the night gives us greater capacity to enjoy the pleasures and blessings of day, so the chronic traveling grumbler projects into strong relief the better side of human nature that is content with comfort, and demands nothing from others that it is unwilling itself to yield.

THE people of Southern and Western Iowa, who last year attracted quite widespread attention toward themselves by means of a blue-grass palace and extensive advertising, are preparing to do still greater things this year in the way of booming their blue-grass region. They give it out as their intention to outdo the famous blue-grass region of Kentucky. But when honest comparison is made, California will be found to be a "blue-grass" region infinitely superior to either of the States named. If it is in the production of grass, we already rival Kentucky; if for speed, California horses are to the front as among the leaders; if for training, there is no spot on the continent where stock can be better wintered or trained to finer advantage; if for the growth of cereals, our products stand for a better price than those of any other grain-growing State; if for fruits, we produce more luxuriously than any other State in most lines; if for climate, and the vine and all its products—well, it is useless to say a word more; call in the people of the whole earth as witnesses.

The friends of the Saxton ballot reform bill in the New York Legislature, have agreed to liberal modifications in the bill, to meet, as far as is possible and preserve the integrity of the bill, the objections of Governor Hill. It will do no good. The Governor will find as many evils and dangers in the new as in the old bill, and the reformers will have their troubles for their pains. If Governor Hill really wanted to conserve the secrecy of the ballot he would not have objected to the printing of the ballots by the State. Without that feature the measure will be a farce, and we do not believe that the friends of the Saxton bill will consent to such elimination.

If it is true that the German press of all political shades is dissatisfied with the Saxton treaty, and denounce it as a German retreat, then for once the United States has got the best of Bismarck in diplomacy. It is difficult to understand, however, at what the German press is angry, unless it is the restoration of Malietoa. Without that provision, however, no settlement of the difficulty would have been possible, and Prince Bismarck was wise enough to realize that fact. Germany could not afford to go to war upon that proposition, and that the Prince will convince the press of that fact is certain.

The San Francisco Alta says: "Was that special for Nellie Bly a fair shake? Was not she to get around the world by the ordinary schedule of trains and boats? By having specials on land and water, the trip can be made in less than sixty hours." Of course the "special train" was not fair. Nor were the tug to the steamer, and the omission of the usual Custom-house search of baggage. To be "fair and square," the traveler should take usual courses, and not use special trains, boats and other means of conveyance.

No one makes any concealment of the conviction that with a sudden melting of the phenomenal snow deposits in the Sierras the valley streams whose tributaries head in these ranges will be much swollen, and that low lands will suffer. But if cold weather follows the storm, as is more than likely, the melting will be delayed. The hope will then be that the resolving of the snow into water may be gradual, in which case the streams can carry their burdens to the sea without material damage to valley bottom lands.

The snow blockade is not confined to California roads by any means. The Union Pacific and the Northern Pacific are both blocked, and several western roads beyond the Missouri river are also reported tied up. On none of them are such exertions made and money so freely spent to clear the roads as on this side by the Southern Pacific Company.

We agree with the Chicago Herald that it is a good sign that the people are now calmly discussing, and with intelligence, economic and governmental questions that are usually not taken from the shelf and dusted off until Presidential campaigns dawn.

A Weather Plant.

A "weather plant," which is vastly the superior of the goose bone, the muskrat house, the corn husk and the Signal Service man as a reliable weather prophet, is on exhibition at Vienna. Its common name is paternoster cheese; in Latin it is called *Abrus peregrinus*. The weather changes are indicated by the rise and fall of its leaves and shoots, and its forecasts cover a period of from forty-eight hours to three days. It is said to be absolutely infallible—a point in which close observers will be able to recognize a difference between it and the Signal Service man. The first thought, in view of the imperfections of our Signal Service, is that the "weather plant" should be propagated extensively over here; but it probably couldn't survive American weather.The *abrus* is a genus of leguminous plants, *A. precatorius*, the Indian licorice, a woody twiner, native of India, now, however, common in many hot countries. Its roots are often used as a substitute for licorice. Its seeds are the size of peas, called crab's eyes, jumble-beds and jaguiri, or John Crow beans, and employed for rosaries, necklaces, etc.

Charley Crew, a Marion, Ohio, jeweler, has completed an article which is to be given to Ira Williams. Mr. Williams is the farmer who had the following sign posted on his farm regarding hunting: "Hunt all you please, and when the bell rings come in to dinner."

ONLY HIS TYPEWRITER.

A Machine and Not Intelligence is What is Wanted.

"I am always the one that gets left," complained a rapid and correct operator, "I went early this morning to answer an advertisement for a typewriter, and thought I should be the first one in the office, but the advertiser told me he was already supplied."

"Possibly he told you a story," thought her hearer, glancing at the disappointed girl—a girl with a turkey egg complexion and hair that would set unkind persons to speaking of white horses, a girl, in the language of the legend-writer, could be discolored; a girl with square shoulders, and the voice of a file. How was the advertiser to know that here was a typewriter who would identify herself with her employer, and attend conscientiously to all her duties? How was he to know that "in a book of moral beauty she might have her portrait painted at full length?"

"I am always the one who is taken," observed another girl, one "stylish" enough to pass for being pretty, and one who, in the language of the legend-writer, could always speak up for herself. "I leave a place directly I find that things there are not going to suit me, because I know I can step into another within a week. I am not such an awfully fast writer either. I could on a spot, go as high as eighty words a minute, but usually I write about fifty—that's enough, dear knows! No, I don't work steadily all the time I am in the office. Sometimes I carry on half the day with the other girls, the girls who are addressing circulars by hand. My present boss—well, employer, they—sends out just 1,600 circulars every winter, and that keeps a lot of girls busy for a few months. They are awfully envious of me, some of them, because my place is a permanent one, while they will have the grand scheme as soon as the circulars are all sent out; and, besides, my working hours are shorter than theirs, and I earn just twice as much as most of them do. One of the girls—she isn't a girl, either, but an old woman, thirty-five at least—tried to get me to leave her place, and she seemed to do her so much good to show me how much better her work was than mine—as if it matters a pin about the letters being all on a line, and the spaces of the same width! It seems to surprise her that she can't get a place as typewriter, 'as she has a certificate from somewhere to show that she is competent. I don't tell her so, but she is too old for one thing; hardly anybody would employ a typewriter over thirty. Why should that be the case? Well, I suppose it is because women are set in their ways after they are out of their twenties, and think they know it all. The girl—I mean the old maid—I am speaking of had a place some time back and she told herself that sometimes, when her employer would be dictating to her, she would stop him and tell him how the letter could be better worded. Did you ever hear of such a check? Why, if my employer said nothing but 'High-diddle-diddle' I'd take it down just as he said it. It's my fingers that would not be trained to write as I had any. One day this person I am talking about heard me scolded because I had written to a customer that we had no more goods of a certain kind, and in a hurry had spelled no k-n-o-w, just like the other know. She was delighted at catching me in my mistake, and didn't let me hear the last of it until I said: 'Well, madam, I no know how to get a place as typewriter, and earn \$12 a week, while you earn only \$5 with your poky addressing.' 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EAST OF THE ROCKIES.

The Commander of the Adams Accused of Disobedience.

THE EMIGRATION COMMISSIONERS

An Outrage in a Cemetery—Marriage of Two Children—Russian Outrages Confirmed.

(SPECIAL DISPATCHES TO THE RECORD-UNION.)

THE CAYENNE CORONA.

The Lick Observatory Party is Entirely Successful.

New York, January 24th.—Professor S. M. Burnham and Professor J. M. Schaeberle, the astronomers of the Lick Observatory, who arrived in this port by the steamer Olan from Trinidad, are stopping at the Sinclair House. They go to Harvard to spend a few days before starting for California to make a systematic study of their photographs of the total eclipse at Cayenne on December 22d last.

The astronomers report that photographs of the sun's corona were obtained and successfully developed. "We made," they said, "about a dozen good negatives, all told, which were developed on the ground or within two or three days."

In response to questions as to the form and size of the Cayenne corona, they said: "To answer these questions must intelligently it would be necessary to study carefully the negatives made at Cayenne, and also to compare them with those made at previous eclipses. Speaking generally, these negatives show as much of the corona in detail, and to as great an extent, at least, as any photograph."

"Did the Cayenne corona resemble that observed in California on January 1, 1889, was elongated at the sun's equator and radial, but short, at the poles?"

Their answer was: "Yes, it resembles the corona of that day of January very closely. The streamers of the photographs are really curved. There is apparently no doubt on this point. This is speaking from a necessarily hasty study of the photographs."

"Will you describe the color phenomena of the eclipse?"

"No systematic visual observations of the corona were made. The instruments were entirely devoted to photographic work."

"Was the corona bright red or whitish?"

"It was whitish as usual."

"Did the observations throw any light upon the possible meteoric origin of solar phenomena?"

"This can be determined only after future study of the results of our instruments."

MRS. BRICE'S CASE.

The Emigration Commissioners at Castle Garden Scored.

New York, January 24th.—A lively meeting of the Commissioners of Emigration was held yesterday to inquire into the case of Johannes Kammer, who is detained on the ground that he is a public charge. The Board decided that Kammer must be returned. The decision does not imperil the case of the man, which is pending in the courts.

Kammer says that he is able to care for himself, and attributes the desire of certain persons to have him returned to the fact that he refused to buy a ticket for California from the railroad clique at Castle Garden.

The case of Mrs. Mary Brice and her ten children was taken up. She told a pathetic story. She said her husband is at Los Angeles in the employ of Lyman & Co., where he receives \$2 a day. He came to this country last February, leaving her a farm valued at \$1,500. After he went away a number of creditors with claims against him and the lawyers took everything except \$150, which they gave her to come to America. Of this \$150 remains.

She begged the Commissioners to assist her in reaching her husband, who is willing to support her. Hoare said he had no authority to make a donation of the \$200 necessary for the trip. He thought the Commissioners gave the unfortunate woman and children a chance the newspaper readers would subscribe the sum necessary, and her five boys and five girls would be given employment on their arrival at Los Angeles.

Commissioner Stephenson moved that they be returned. The motion was carried, with the proviso that if the newspapers raised the money for the family the Board would do nothing to prevent its remaining.

In delivering his opinion in the Kammer case today, Judge Barrett scored Commissioner Stephenson, saying that Kammer is held without cause by brute force, and is not held by the order of the Board or a United States officer, but by Stephenson, who had no authority to hold anybody. While the Judge was giving his decision the Commissioners met and ordered Kammer to be sent to Germany. The Judge ordered his release immediately.

COMMENCED EARLY.

A Wedding Couple Whose United Ages is Twenty-Six Years.

KANSAS CITY (Mo.), January 24th.—Amos J. Swanton, of Ansonia, Conn., passed through Kansas City Wednesday on his way home from St. Joseph, where he completed a search for his 15-year-old son, who eloped not long since with Ida Smith, aged 13. Ida Smith, the youthful, has a wealthy aunt, who believes in the earliest possible marriages.

Two years ago she proposed to Mr. Swanton that his son and Ida be betrothed and be married at maturity. Mr. Swanton did not object, but thought nothing of the matter until December, when the aunt and the young people all disappeared from home.

Since that time he has been hunting for them all over the country and finally found them in St. Joseph, Mo., yesterday. The aunt confessed to having arranged the elopement. No attempt will be made by the parents of the young couple to sever the nuptial ties.

ON THE WARPATH.

Undertaker McCarthy is After Somebody's Scalp.

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The Secretary not being at the Department, the undertaker was referred to Commander Ramsey, Chief of the Bureau of Navigation, who heard his story. Mr. McCarthy produced a letter written by Commander Walker, as Acting Secretary, last August, directing all naval officers in Samoa waters to give the undertaker all the aid they could in the disinterment of Hall's body and its shipment home. The document, McCarthy claimed, was an order to the officers, which had been grossly disobeyed by the Commander of the Adams, who is quite likely to have been the Executive Officer, as that ship's Commander was sick at the time.

This officer he charged with improper conduct and disobedience of orders. He had been treated, he said, with the greatest indifference and was transferred from vessel to vessel, and finally in shifting the casket containing the remains from a man-of-war to a native vessel it was carelessly let fall into the sea. It was recovered, however, and after great expense, trouble and delay the undertaker managed to reach the mail steamer and get headed for home.

McCarthy's statements concerning his treatment were very vague and indefinite, and when they were made to Commander Ramsey, that officer told him that the charges and accompanying statements relating to them should be put in writing before they could be considered. The undertaker left the document on which he based his complaints at the Department.

When the Commander told him that he

would have to send to the Adams and get the statements of the other side, McCarthy grew rather wrath, and said that if he did not get some sort of satisfaction the case would become one of political importance, as he controlled fully six hundred votes at home. The main point in his allegations was that the letter from Commander Walker was equivalent to an order.

RUSSIAN EXTRADITION.

The Pending Treaty is Practically Defeated.

WASHINGTON, January 24th.—The Russian extradition treaty is undoubtedly dead. When it was called up for consideration in the executive session of the Senate the other day there were some very strong speeches made in opposition to it.

The clause providing for the extradition of persons guilty of high crimes was adopted, but when the clause defining what a high crime is and providing that attempts upon the life of the Czar or any of the members of the Imperial family should not, under this treaty, be considered political crimes, but classed with attempts at murder, manslaughter, forgery, etc., and extraditable, was reached, a very obstinate objection was raised.

There is a great deal of sympathy among the American legislators, as well as American citizens in private life, with all persons who are under imperial governments. The names of Ireland have no more sympathy than the Russians, who are trying to secure a government for the people and by the people.

This clause in the treaty, which would render liable for the free-thinkers of Russia to flee to this country for refuge was most bitterly attacked, and on its account the treaty was sent back to the Committee on Foreign Relations for further consideration. Unless this clause is stricken out or modified the treaty will never be ratified.

ACCUSED OF TREASON.

Canada Papers Must Not Speak of Annexation.

New York, January 24th.—A special to the Herald from Toronto says that Edward Farrar, editor of the Toronto Mail, is charged with having told the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations that if it did not advise and bring about reciprocity with Canada there would be greater likelihood of her speedy annexation to the United States.

This the Toronto Empire declares to be treason. Farrar did appear before the committee, and it is said that Senator Dolph admitted that it was urged on the committee by Canadians to be unwise for the United States to grant reciprocity, for otherwise Canada would become one of the United States. Edward Wiman is said to have made a similar statement.

Heavy Failures.

New York, January 24th.—Reports reached here from Buenos Ayres, via London, of a great financial smash in the Argentine Republic. One firm of Rupela, Palagioni & Co., a jobbing house in hardware and provision with a large warehouse and shipping interests, failed for six million dollars. Other failures foot up an additional four millions. A total of ten millions. Confirmatory dispatches have been received. Gold at the time of failure was 232 and to-day was quoted at 218.

Horrible Outrage.

WILKESBARRE (Pa.), January 24th.—The Polish church at Plymouth was ransacked yesterday evening by a mob of Lithuanians. The bodies of the Lithuanians buried under police protection Wednesday. The coffins were broken open and the bodies dragged out over the ground and thrown over the fence. Two bodies were horribly lacerated with pickaxes used in breaking open the coffins. When armed Lithuanians arrived on the scene the Poles fled. There is talk of lynch law.

Massacred Russians.

BUFFALO (N. Y.), January 24th.—George Kennan, of Siberian exile fame, to-night received a letter from a Siberian exile which evidently told of a clandestine route before reaching him in this country. It comprises eighty-six pages of microscopic handwriting, of which Kennan has deciphered enough to prove to his satisfaction that the rumored massacre of exiles by Russian soldiers at Yakutsk, which has been vigorously denied by the Government, is an indisputable fact.

New Chief for the Utes.

DENVER, January 24th.—A Times special from Price Station, Utah, says: Old Sappo-naro, head chief of the Ute Campagna Utes, died at his village on the agency January 18th of an ailment of the liver. Charley Shaveman was chosen head chief. He is an intelligent fellow, reads, writes and talks English quite well, and is a prominent figure in the tribe. He is a prominent figure in the tribe. He is a prominent figure in the tribe.

The Ursuline Sisters.

PITTSBURGH, January 24th.—The Ursuline convent property is to be advertised for sale in a few days. The purpose of the sale is to raise money with which to pay the deceased superior. Mother Alphonsine, and her adherents \$100,000 each in accordance with a decree from Rome. Each of seven Ursuline sisters, according to the decree, will receive \$100,000. The property is valued at \$200,000. The deceased nuns will return to France.

The Last Payment.

MINNEAPOLIS, January 24th.—The third and last payment on the Pillsbury & Washburn Mills by the English syndicate which bought them some months ago will be made February 10th. At that time there will be a formal transfer of the property to the new owners, and the business for the first time will be conducted under the name of the Pillsbury-Washburn Flouring Company.

The Court of Inquiry.

WASHINGTON, January 24th.—In the Court of Inquiry appointed by Secretary Tracy to investigate the charge that naval matter until December, when the aunt and the young people all disappeared from home.

Since that time he has been hunting for them all over the country and finally found them in St. Joseph, Mo., yesterday. The aunt confessed to having arranged the elopement. No attempt will be made by the parents of the young couple to sever the nuptial ties.

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CALIFORNIA AND COAST.

A Dead Beat Brings an Action for Libel at Woodland.

IT WAS PROMPTLY DISMISSED.

Serious Shooting Affray in San Francisco Between Insurance Men—Prize Fights.

(SPECIAL DISPATCHES TO THE RECORD-UNION.)

SENSATIONAL SHOOTING.

One Insurance Man Takes a Shot at Another.

SAN FRANCISCO, January 24th.—L. L. Brownell, President of the California Insurance Union, was shot and seriously wounded by G. C. Pratt, General Agent of the same company, shortly before 11 o'clock this forenoon.

The shooting occurred in the office of the company, at 318 California street. Three shots were fired by Pratt, who was seated near Brownell, and one of them struck Brownell in the head, just below the heart.

The shooting created intense excitement. Pratt was immediately arrested and taken to the City Prison.

Pratt recently returned from Japan, and upon arriving in San Francisco found that his wife had left him and was in charge of her friends. Pratt contends that he discovered conclusive facts showing that Brownell had betrayed his wife. Both Pratt and Brownell are men prominent in business and social life.

Three shots struck Brownell—one in the arm, one in the neck and one in the body. Brownell will recover. Pratt was released this afternoon on \$10,000 bonds.

THE UNKNOWN WHIPPED.

Lanco Finishes Him in the Fourth Round.

SALINAS, January 24th.—The fight to a finish between P. Lanco of this place and the "Unknown," who took place at the rooms of the Salinas Athletic Club, resulted in a victory for Lanco. In the first round they rushed on one another desperately.

Finally Lanco landed a swinging undercut on Dunn's jaw, which felled him to the floor. He got up, however, before two more before the bell tapped. In the second round Dunn again landed heavily on Lanco's jaw, knocking him over the ropes.

The third round was the liveliest of all. They were at each other regardless of the danger. They sloshed one another until the red sap ran from both freely. It was now evident that the one who could stand the most punishment would win the fight.

Both were growing weak. In the fourth round both came up dazed. Dunn closed on Lanco, and they clinched and both fell. Lanco on top. Referee Matthews succeeded in separating them. Lanco again landed heavily on Dunn's jaw, knocking him over the ropes.

Dunn, with a great effort, crawled through the ropes and refused to fight longer. The referee then awarded the fight and prize to Lanco. The men were about evenly matched as to science, but Lanco's superior strength in slopping was more than Dunn could endure.

MEXICAN ANNEXATION.

San Diego Desires a Slice of the Mexican Peninsula.

SAN DIEGO, January 24th.—A movement has been started to give Congressman Vandever's Lower California annexation proposition a hearty support locally, with a view to having the vote in connection therewith more generally known throughout the country. Since J. K. Mulkey's filibustering scheme for appropriating the peninsula has failed, the annexation movement has endeavored to correct such impressions.

The ball will be set rolling at a meeting to be held Tuesday evening to consider the advantages to be gained through annexation. It is expected that a genuine annexation boom will be started and kept in motion with the movement now under way.

It is looking to a State division and the formation of the new State of South California.

Ellis Discharged.

WOODLAND, January 24th.—W. R. Ellis, editor of the Woodland Mail, was today discharged by Judge Ruggles at a preliminary examination on a charge of criminal libel brought by J. M. C. Murphy. Ellis made a strong defense, bringing witnesses from Shasta, Solano and Yolo counties, whose testimony he intended to have read into the record, to the effect that Murphy was a dead-beat.

Upon argument the District Attorney advised that Ellis was not guilty. There are two more similar charges still pending, which will probably be dropped.

Storming Up North.

DAYTON (Wash.), January 24th.—A storm has been raging in the Chinook country for the past twenty-four hours. The snow is melting fast and if it continues another day much damage must result from the overflow. Two hundred or more cases of a gripe are reported but no fatalities.

The Spokane branch of the Union Pacific is still blocked.

Bridge Lost.

HAYWARD, January 24th.—The fine iron bridge across the San Lorenzo creek, north-west of town, fell into the stream at 2 p. m. today and is a total wreck. It was built by the California Bridge Company in the fall of 1887 at a cost of \$50,000. The bridge company gave bonds and warranted the bridge to stand for five years, so there will be no loss to the county except the inconvenience to travel.

Death in a Prison.

STOCKTON, January 24th.—The Coroner's jury today, in the inquest on the remains of Joseph Meade, who dropped dead in a cell in the County Jail yesterday, returned a verdict that death resulted from pneumonia, and severely censures the city authorities for failure to provide facilities for receiving and taking care of sick persons.

Knocked Out in the Ninth.

GRIDLEY, January 24th.—The Gridley Athletic Club had a fight to-night, which was a real prize fight. Sam Dickinson knocked out William Swezey in the ninth round.

Killed by a Locomotive.

PORTLAND (Or.), January 24th.—Fred Dean, a mill hand, was run over by a locomotive in this city, in May, last year.

Must Serve His Time.

NEW YORK, January 24th.—The general term of the Supreme Court has affirmed the conviction of Her Most and his sentence to one year's imprisonment in the Penitentiary. Most was convicted of using language tending to excite a riot during a speech at an Anarchist meeting in November, 1887.

A Better Job.

TOPKA (Kans.), January 24th.—James W. Hamilton handed his resignation as State Treasurer to Governor Humphrey today. He has been appointed General Live Stock Agent of the Santa Fe road.

New Postoffice.

WASHINGTON, January 24th.—A new postoffice has been established at Mantion, Tehama county, Cal., with William J. Hewitt as Postmaster.

Hanged in Jail.

MONTGOMERY (Ala.), January 24th.—Green Braxton, a negro, was hanged in jail here today, for the murder of Lewis Pugh (white), in this city, in May, last year.

Costly Fire.

CHICAGO, January 24th.—A fire in Austrian Wise & Co.'s wholesale clothing house to-night destroyed goods to the value of \$30,000.

Killed by a Snow-Slide.

MADEIRA CITY, January 24th.—E. S. Goetz, a mail carrier between Rocky Bar and Atlatia, was killed by a snow-slide yesterday.

NORTHERN PACIFIC TRAIN THIS EVENING AND KILLED. DEAN ATTEMPTED TO PASS BEFORE THE TRAIN.

SMITH'S LOSS.

The Arizona Delegate Calls Congressmen Cowards.

WASHINGTON, January 24th.—The Capital tonight says: "Delegate Smith of Arizona was one of the heaviest losers by the defeat of Silcott. He lost a whole year's salary, and believes the Government should reimburse him. He was much disgusted by the vote against Adams' bill, and believes that a majority of the members of the House are moral cowards."

"Said Mr. Smith: 'Yes, I was hit a pretty hard lick by the cowardice of many of the members of Congress. I don't think there were twenty men on the floor stupid enough to think Silcott a worthy private agent or any mere receipt was an estoppel of me. It looks to me like \$5,000 had been forcibly taken from me in order to furnish a supply of cheap virtue on which the gentlemen here hope to be returned to Congress. I notice that the biggest speeches in size were made by those who lost the least. When we rob in Arizona it is in a broad sort of way and take chances of life or penitentiary. But here things are different. I hate the loss of my money, for I could not afford to lose it. But the loss of my cash gives me no such pain as this wholesale crumpling of my idols. When men so fear the tenure of their services in Congress that they are ready to do a willful wrong either to themselves or to others, in order to keep their place in public life, then the sooner they are relegated to a life of industry at home the better for the country.'"

AN OLD NEGRO LADY.

How She Conquered a Rude and Rebellious Boy.

A handsomely dressed lady, who was riding down town in a Madison-avenue horse car the other afternoon, found herself in a painful dilemma, says the New York Sun. Seated by her side was a little golden-haired boy, who started to quarrel with her. She had been comfortably seated, making remarks for the benefit of the other passengers. Several blocks below where he and his mother had got on a poor old negro came into the car. She was a typical old auntie. Her hair was very gray, and she wore a faded and much patched calico gown, with a large gingham apron spread over the front of it, and an old straw hat which had probably in years gone by done service for her mother.

The boy, who was about six years old, had been stripped of nearly all his finery, only a discolored silk ribbon remaining to show that it once was. Auntie carried a basket filled with newly ironed clothes, which could be seen underneath the clean towel spread over the top of her basket. As she sat down opposite the lady and the little boy, the latter looked at her intently for a moment, and then, sitting bolt upright and pointing his finger straight at her, called out in a loud voice:

"Oh, mamma, see that black nigger!"

The boy's mother spoke to him sharply and tried to make him understand that he was very naughty, but he wouldn't have it. In fact, the more she spoke the more he kept repeating the obnoxious phrase. A good many of the passengers seemed to find it very amusing, but others looked on with stern faces. His mother, finding no other course satisfactory, finally covered his mouth with her handkerchief, but even then the smothered sound could be heard from the rebellious boy. Finding that her efforts to repress him were only his only result in his strangulation, the lady gave up in despair, and, boldly triumphant, the youngster, in a louder voice than ever, shouted across the aisle:

"Oh, you black nigger!"

Auntie had paid no attention, but now that he addressed her so directly, she could hardly avoid noticing him. She looked at him with a stern face, and he, in turn, pointed his hand at her again, and then, as she reached over with her own boy's hand, and catching his within it, while her face became kind and pleasant, she said:

"The boy looked up at her, just a little frightened and ashamed. He shook hands with her nevertheless, and from that moment ceased to refer to her any further."

PATTI'S VERY HIGH NOTES.

Why She Receives \$8 Much More than Other Singers.

A writer in the London World says of Mme. Patti's terms for singing in concert: "I have all my life had a weakness for ladies, and ladies have always had the weakness to know what is not their business. I am going to let you know a secret that I have traded to lady readers of this paper in order to let them get an insight into affairs discussed by everybody, although 'everybody' knows nothing about what is really the matter. From all sides I hear of the greediness of Patti. These are figures and prices she asks, and how she does not care whether the people in whose concert she sings are ruined so long as she receives her money. The fact is this: Mme. Patti receives for every concert in the Albert Hall \$700—an enormous amount, no doubt."

"Now let us see as to the reason of the people who engage her. The expenses of the hall are about \$100, other artists \$200, advertising, etc., say \$150; the whole forms \$1,150 to \$1,700 costs. The receipts of this first series of concerts were \$1,700, of the second over \$1,800, and the third will probably be still larger—that is to say, \$500, \$600 and \$700 profit. I know that once in a concert in which she sang the expenses were a little over \$1,200 and the receipts \$2,143, with \$153 taken for program and notices. These are figures and not opinions. I have known what is perhaps still more astonishing. One evening the fog was so thick that I was reflecting whether I should go to the hall, imagining that Mme. Patti, whom I had to accompany, would not go. I went, however, and by the underground railway, and the receipts that evening left over \$600 profit."

"Let any other singer do this, if he or she can, and nothing will be fairer than that they should get exactly the same. Mme. Patti, and only too happy will anybody be to pay and take the certain profit; but as there is nobody in the whole universe who can fill the Albert Hall, and bring anything like the receipts, it should be well understood that Mme. Patti receives her enormous prices because she alone makes enormous profits. This does not prove that there are not other singers of great talent, young, handsome, fresh voices—of course not. But here stands the fact undeniable. You engage Mme. Patti and pay her the prices she asks, and your receipts will be what no singer on earth can bring you but Mme. Patti."

A Western Bunko Game.

Real estate agent (Dugout City, Kan.). "Stranger just arrived in town from the East. Rush around to the hotel, greet him as a long-lost brother or something, and when he explains that there is some mistake cover your confusion by inviting him to the hotel."

New Man—"Maybe he won't accept it." "Oh, yes, he'll accept, to relieve your embarrassment. They always do."

"Yes, sir. What next?"

"Keep him in conversation until I come around and ask to speak with you on business. Then introduce me, and we'll have another drink. That'll settle it. Two drinks of Dugout City whisky will make any man feel rich enough to buy the hull earth."—New York Weekly.

The largest and best paying graphite mine in the country is in Warren county, New York. In the same region are also extensive garnet mines, the ore from which is worth \$40 a ton.

The best things to be published in book form by his newspaper associates. The proceeds will go to the monument fund.

IN FOREIGN LANDS.

Two Old English Families United by Marriage.

AN INDIGNANT NAVAL CAPTAIN.

England Endeavors to Collect Anchorage from an American Man-of-War, But Fails.

(SPECIAL DISPATCHES TO THE RECORD-UNION.)

GLADSTONE'S VIEWS.

He Says the Question of the Day is the Gospel.

LIVERPOOL, January 24th.—To-day Dr. Talmage of Brooklyn took luncheon and spent the afternoon with Gladstone at Hawarden. They had a long talk on religious and political questions, in the course of which Gladstone said: "Talk about the question of the day. There is but one question, and that is the Gospel. It can and does correct everything needing correction. All men at the head of great movements are Christian men. My only hope for the world is to bring the human mind into contact with divine revelation." Dr. Talmage asked Gladstone if the cause of Irish home rule would be victorious.

Gladstone brightened up and responded emphatically. "Yes, when the next election comes," he continued. "It seems to be a dispensation of God that I should be engaged in the battle. At my time of life I should be resting. I never had any opinion in these matters. I dislike contest, but when Ireland, once the refuge of persecuted Englishmen, showed herself ready to adopt a righteous Constitution, and do her full duty, I hesitated not one moment to expose her cause as soon as I could."

When the gentlemen were parting Gladstone said: "Give my highest regards to President Harrison, and express to Mr. Blaine my warmest sympathy with him on account of the loss of his beloved son."

AN INDIGNANT CAPTAIN.

American Warships Charged With Anchorage in an English Harbor